

For the First Edition

Izsig, the reporter's boy, of whose heroism at a tenement house fire I told the readers a year or more ago, was lying sound asleep on the sofa in the office one morning. His day of work began at four o'clock, so when he did not go early to bed the night before, he was apt to be sleepy by eight o'clock. It was eight o'clock now.

The morning was dull, with no sign of news, so the city editor had no cause of complaint. But the sight of Izsig's great, fat, moonlike face, so placid and so red, suggested an idea to him.

"Izsig," he called, sharply. "Yes, sir. All right. Where's the fire?" The boy was on his feet, alert and ready. "There is no fire, I zsig. There is nothing at all. That is why I call upon you, sir. You go down to the emigrant bureau and get me a story. A ship is in with two hundred Russian Jews aboard."

The city editor turned to his desk. Izsig looked at him a moment, then asked: "Make or take?"

"No take, sir. Make a story, a good one for the first edition."

Izsig was soon on his way to the barge office, which is the reception place, at present, for the immigrants who land in New York. The officials all knew him, and he passed in with a nod and a "Good morning" through gate after gate, from one pen to another, gliding in and out among the crowd of immigrants from the ship which had come in overnight. There were men, women and children in all sorts of odd, gay colored peasant costumes, but the general effect was anything but gay. It was most depressing.

These people, ignorant, poor, able to speak only some dialect of a tongue unspoken in this strange new country, were waiting for they knew not what, to go they knew not where, or how or when. All looked troubled, some were weeping. Izsig knew they would be cared for in time, so he turned away group after group of tearful people, saying to himself that sad stories were bad stories, and he was ordered to get a good story.

"Suppose I found a oily immigrant?" he thought. "Wouldn't that be news?" He chuckled, and over the vale of tears he looked in search of a smiling face. Not one. He passed on among the peasants, seeking everywhere. Not a smile could he see.

"Oh well," he said, "I'll take what I can get." A laugh! He heard a laugh from the detention-pen down stairs and off he scurried in his chase of merriment.

The peasants below were held for a close examination that day. They were the most frightened lot in the building for they had seen their ship made acquaintance passed into America, out through the front door, while they were sent back for reasons not told them. But in the gloom of the dark, low room Izsig approached the group.

The young man was sort of a peasant dandy, and not a very pleasant chap to look upon, for he looked bad. Izsig took a dislike to him at once. The other peasants evidently held him in awe, for their attitudes were deferential, and their attention was fixed upon him.

Izsig saw, too, that he had his story, for on the young fellow's arm was a girl. She was a round, roly-poly maiden with large red cheeks, a weak but good natured mouth, and eyes that showed she was good. Izsig liked her rather; and for that reason he disapproved of the match. That fellow ought not to have that girl.

But he slipped along to a bench in the darkest corner near by, and listened. An east side Jew himself, Izsig understood most of what was said.

"He's a soft one," said the dandy. "He'll never make a fortune in America, and how can he support a pretty wife? He needs a wife who will support him, so I'll just take his girl, and let him get one here who will take care of him."

The crowd smiled, the dandy laughed, and although the girl hung her head, she seemed to agree.

Izsig peered around through a break in the circle, saw a plain young man sitting on a small truck, with his face buried in his hands.

"So my story isn't all gay," thought Izsig. "Think of a fellow bringing a girl to America, and then leaving her alone on the ship! The dandy was saying."

"He was scasick," said the girl, gently. "Well, would you marry a man who gets sick when you might be drowning?"

The girl hung her head again. "And what would you have done for company if I hadn't treated you to cakes, and American candy, and all the good things?"

"The girl said nothing. "Is that so?" asked Izsig, turning to the old man next to him. "Did he treat the girl to good things when her lover lay sick?"

"Yes. He spent money like water. He had fifty rubles, and he spent all but five. Not on her alone, though. He treated everybody, most of all himself; but next to himself he treated her the most."

"And did he ever know all about it?" "Yes, but he couldn't help it. He was sick—oh, very sick, and the other people told him about it. But what could he do?"

"Who paid her passage out?" asked Izsig. "Her lover. He wants to get married now, and the other fellow won't let the girl go. She wants to, but they all laugh at her and she is bashful."

Izsig walked off. "I've got half a story," he said to himself, "but it isn't a good story because it ends bad. I must make a good man of it, and I must make it for the first edition."

He hurried back through the throng passing on a

ing all the officials till he reached the office of the examining board. There were the commissioners reading the papers, talking to friends, or smoking in silence. They all looked up when Izsig entered, and he beckoned them to gather up around him.

"Now about the door, and shut it from the outside," he said to the attendant.

"That was done, and what Izsig said to the commissioners he never told. In a few minutes, however, the bell rang, the attendant went in, and the board had come to order."

"Bring up Numbers 13, 67, and 103," said the chairman.

The attendant disappeared, and when he came back he had with him the peasant dandy, the girl, and the poor fellow who had lost her by sickness.

"What's your name?" asked the president of the girl. The interpreter gave the question in Yiddish.

"Anna Meyerowitz," she said, swallowing a big lump.

"How old are you?" "Eighteen."

"Who paid your passage?" "She pointed to her bereaved lover. The chairman turned to him.

"And you, what's your name?" "Benjamin Kladdich."

"What did you bring the girl here for?" "To be my wife."

"Well, why don't you marry her, then?" "This other man got her to love him."

"Did he? How do you know?" "He says so."

"What do she say?" "Nothing."

"Well, that isn't the way we do in America. Why don't you ask her?"

"She has a tongue let her speak. The girl was about to speak, but the chairman stopped her with, 'No wait.' He turned to the dandy, who was not laughing now. He looked as frightened as the others.

"What is your name?" "Pincus Schlimmerwitz."

"What do you want with this other man's girl?" "Oh I was just having a little fun."

"The girl glanced at him and then drew away. "Well, did you have your fun?" "Yes sir." He was growing bolder now.

"Did it cost you much money?" "Yes sir."

"How much have you got left?" "Five rubles."

"Any friends or relatives in this country?" "No, sir."

"Well, sir, five rubles are not enough with which to land. You'll have to go back to Russia."

"The dandy's hands dropped limp beside him. "How much have you got?" asked the president of Benjamin Kladdich.

"One hundred rubles," answered Benjamin. "You didn't spend much on the ship?"

"No, sir. I was sick."

"You may land."

"The girl was the next one to be questioned by the president.

"How much have you?" "None, but Benjamin."

"Yes, Benjamin has, but you love Pincus."

"No, no, I don't!" and the girl began to cry.

"Well, you may go back with Pincus or stay with Benjamin. But if you stay with Benjamin you must marry him now, and live ever after happily with him. Will you?"

Hallifax, Oct. 29, to the wife of Philip Boyle, a daughter.

Prize, Oct. 29, to the wife of Wm. Tetric, a daughter.

Ferrisboro, Oct. 19, to the wife of Capt. Llewellyn, daughter Freda.

Bridgewater, Oct. 25, to the wife of Morris Walsh, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 2, to the wife of Charles King, a daughter.

Hallifax, Nov. 2, to the wife of Harry Fraser, a daughter.

Falmouth, Nov. 2, to the wife of Frank Lawrence, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Oct. 28, to the wife of Arthur Charlton, a daughter.

North Sydney, Oct. 19, to the wife of Parkar Cann, a daughter.

North Sydney, Oct. 29, to the wife of Capt. Hickey, a daughter.

North Sydney, Oct. 30, to the wife of Rev. A. McLean, a son.

Ottawa, Oct. 25, Isaac Wilson to Josie Lewis.

Dieby, Oct. 22, Isabel Thibert to Miss Elvira Fowler.

Boston, Nov. 1, Geo. Vanhaan to Miss Eva Sterling.

Fall River, Mass., Oct. 18, Clinton Padellaro to Eva Winlow.

Dieby, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Hajiet Syda to Eva Winlow.

Yarmouth, by Rev. A. McNitch, Wm. Atkinson to Annie Hunt.

Canoe, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. Hooks, Angus Munro to Miss M. Dick.

Falmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. John Reeks, M. Selter to Gerie Sullivan.

Yarmouth, by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Israel Atkinson to Annie Hunt.

Bridgetown, by Rev. F. M. Young, John H. Allen to Cassie Wagstaff.

Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. A. Shaw, Geo. Johnson to Cora Le Fevre.

Main Street, Oct. 8, by Rev. H. Shaw, William Swin to Eva Foster.

Belmont, Oct. 25, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Chas. Gilroy to Cora Strahan.

Stellarton, Oct. 31, by Rev. W. Tuffin, Wm. Smith to Louise Cunningham.

Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher.

Windsor, 8 p. m., by Rev. H. Dickie, Charles Dykens to Sarah King.

Woodstock, by Rev. A. LePage, Joseph Carmichael to Bertie Nichol.

Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher.

Feenick, Oct. 24, by R. v. R. McArthur, Edgar Smith to Elizabeth Ripley.

Chatham, Oct. 21, by Rev. Geo. Young, Thomas Anderson to L. E. Duxcar.

North Sydney, Oct. 29, by Rev. J. Gillis, Jos. Mc Donald to Winifred Kagan.

Windsor, Oct. 29, by Rev. H. D. Dickie, John Dykens to Sarah King.

Lanenburg, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. Blakeney, Edgar Grant to Florence Rutan.

Clark's Harbor, by R. v. R. McNitch, Berton Atkinson to Emma M. Cameron.

Port, Oct. 15, by Rev. A. Hayward, Robert McRea to Ida May Armstrong.

Sydney Mines, Oct. 20, by Rev. D. MacMillan, R. Ferguson to Rosema Le Blanc.

Tusket Wedge, Oct. 20, by Rev. Fr. Gay, William Babine to Rosema Le Blanc.

Sackville, Oct. 31, by Rev. C. Wiggins, Thos. J. Hamilton to Jessie I. Asho.

Five Miles Plains, Oct. 7, by Rev. A. Shaw, James Hamilton to Louise Uphaw.

Waterford, Oct. 31, by Rev. A. Campbell, Frederick Hunter to Jessie I. Asho.

Lawson, Mass., Sep. 27, by Rev. G. Carl, Mr. Frank Loring to Minnie B. Spear.

Falmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. H. S. Baker, Murray Selter to Miss Gertrude Sullivan.

Granville, Oct. 2, by Rev. W. Langlie, Annie McNeil to Miss W. Whitcomb.

Somerville, Mass., Oct. 19, by Rev. N. Bishop, Chas. Peterson to Harriet Barnaby.

Newcastle, Nov. 1, by Rev. D. Henderson, Al. Bess Peterson to Margaret Bush.

St. Margaret's Bay, Oct. 30, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, Elizabeth Wambolt to Margaret Bush.

Forest Glen, Victor a Co., Oct. 25, by Rev. A. Hayward, Victor a Co. to Mary Davidson.

Bass River, Kent Co., Oct. 30, by Rev. W. Townsend, Donald McEachern to Elizabeth Wald.

Upper Fort La T., Oct. 25, by Rev. John Phalen, Capt. Thomas Newell to Mrs. Emma Reynolds.

Hallifax, Oct. 28, Wm. Martin, 70.

Moncton, Nov. 5, Leo Ormer, 2.

St. John, Nov. 5, John Walport, 55.

Hants Co., Sept. 29, Levi Harvey, 86.

Hallifax, Oct. 27, Alison Maxwell, 14.

Glasville, Oct. 27, Geo. A. Shaw, 35.

Moncton, Nov. 1, Irvine Ketchum, 4.

Colchester, Sept. 28, John Fraser, 79.

East Jordan, Oct. 28, Wm. Martin, 70.

Hallifax, Oct. 28, Sarah A. Carman, 82.

Hallifax, Nov. 2, E. C. Laurillard, 88.

Hallifax, Oct. 31, George McLellan, 65.

Moncton, Oct. 14, A. W. Thompson.

Falmouth, Nov. 2, Mrs. Anne Linn, 63.

St. John, Nov. 5, Mrs. Mary McKay, 13.

Dieby, Oct. 19, Mrs. Fenwick Young, 33.

Moose Brook, Oct. 29, Jane F. Walker, 86.

Hallifax, Oct. 31, John Clarke Harris, 62.

Baccaro, N. S., Oct. 30, John Atwood, 73.

Glasville, Oct. 21, Kenneth McKenzie, 44.

Yarmouth, Nov. 1, Mrs. John Turnbull, 77.

Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Elizabeth Johnston, 29.

Yarmouth, Oct. 30, Capt. Benjamin L. Wis, 84.

Yarmouth, Nov. 2, Mrs. Edward Bridge, 43.

New Glasgow, Oct. 27, Isabelle Chisholm, 84.

Charleston, Queens, Oct. 31, E. P. Christopher.

North Sydney, Oct. 27, Michael McDermott, 70.

Berwick, Oct. 31, Ella B., widow of Isaac Selindre.

Lewis Cove, Nov. 1, Elizabeth Cressman, 68.

Great Village, Oct. 21, Mrs. Andrew McAloney, 81.

Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Catherine, wife of Daniel Gaus 45.

Lunenburg, Oct. 29, Mary Ann, wife of Geo. Dares 70.

Bickhouse, Oct. 24, Mary, wife of Ruben Ernst, 47.

California, Oct. 16, Earle Wilson, son of late Amasa Betts, 9.

Prize, Oct. 20, Matilde, daughter of David Landon, 44.

Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Catherine, wife of Daniel Dares, 45.

Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 26, Blanche M. wife of Amos Warner, 44.

North Sydney, Oct. 26, Bell McRae, wife of John Munroe, 42.

At 276 Campbell road, Wm. D. Smith, a native of England, 37.

Liverpool, Oct. 29, Victoria, daughter of James Gillmore, 14.

Lewisville, Nov. 5, infant son of LeB. Drury and Sarah Lockhart.

Yarmouth, Nov. 1, Harriette, widow of the late John K. Vels, 82.

Baddeck, Nov. 1, Douglas Cameron, son of Dr. Bethune, M. E., 3.

Moncton, Nov. 3, Orin Cecil, infant son of E. Truett and Edith Le Colplins.

Sydney, Oct. 16, Minnie L. only daughter of Chas. and Fannie L. Fairbridge, 20.

Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 2, Elizabeth A. Lightbody, 85, widow of John W. Purdy.

Yarmouth, Oct. 23, Herbert Huntington, son of late Hon. Herbert Huntington, 60.

Upper North Sydney, Oct. 6, Bertha, daughter of Rev. and Alexis Allen, 9 weeks.

Charlottetown, Mass., Oct. 29, Kathleen, infant daughter of Arthur and Edith Pemberton.

Hallifax, Oct. 28, to the wife of Stanley Sugst, a daughter.

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